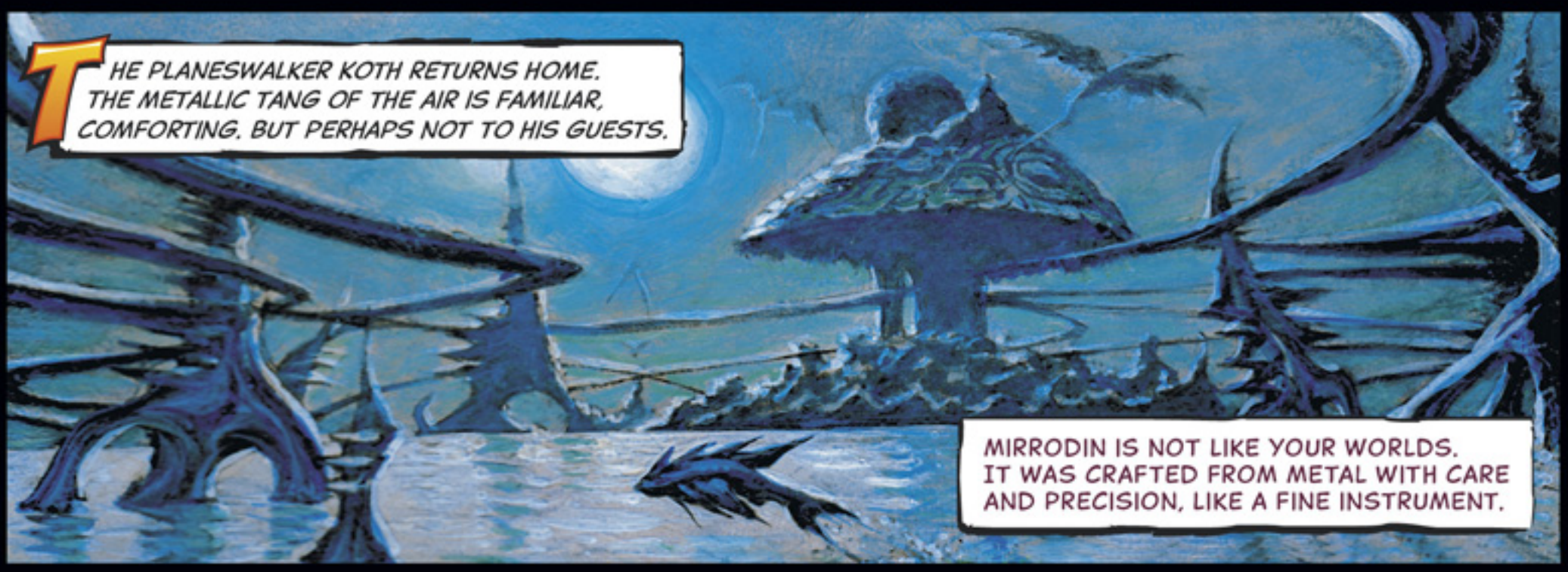
WRITTEN BY DOUG BEYER ILLUSTRATED BY MARK TEXEIRA
LETTERING BY BOB JORDAN
ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS
BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH, VOLKAN BAGA, ALEKSI BRICLOT, AND JASON CHAN

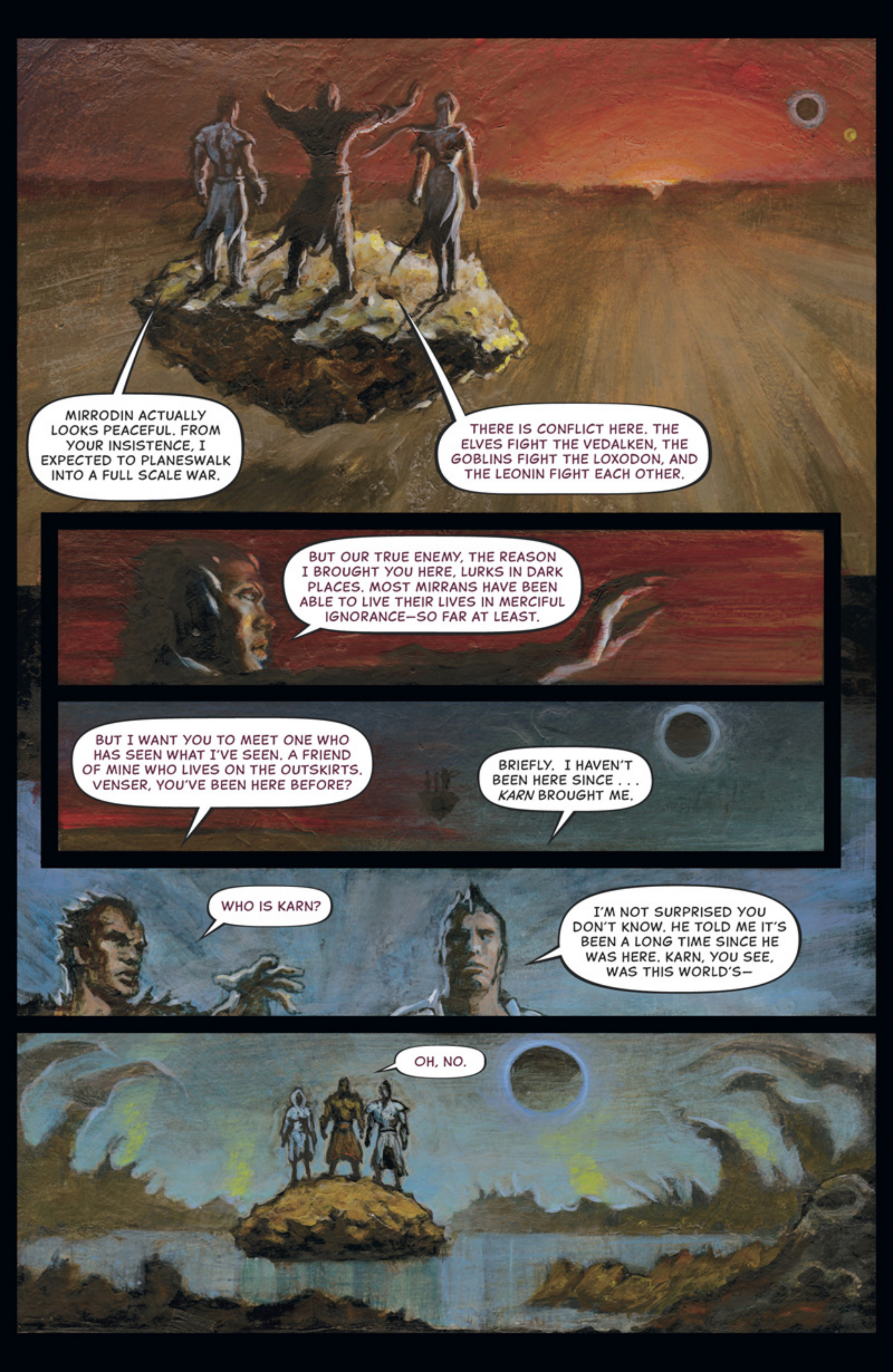

THE PLANESWALKER KOTH RETURNS HOME. THE METALLIC TANG OF THE AIR IS FAMILIAR, COMFORTING. BUT PERHAPS NOT TO HIS GUESTS.
MIRRODIN IS NOT LIKE YOUR WORLDS. IT WAS CRAFTED FROM METAL WITH CARE AND PRECISION, LIKE A FINE INSTRUMENT.

EVERY ACRE, THE FEAT OF AN EXACTING ARTISAN. EVERY DETAIL A MASTERPIECE.

WE DO NOT KNOW THE CREATOR'S FACE, BUT WE SEE HIS HANDIWORK. HIS WORLD SHIMMERS UNDER THE LIGHT OF FIVE SUNS OF PURE MANA.

I HAD NO DESIRE TO FORCE YOUR HAND, VENSER. NOR YOURS, ELSPETH. BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHAT'S AT STAKE. MY PEOPLE. MY *WORLD*.

YOU DO YOUR WORLD NO GOOD BY THREATENING THOSE YOU WISH TO RECRUIT, KOTH.
THAT'S TRUE. BUT IF THERE'S ANY TRACE OF THAT FOUL FORCE HERE, THEN IT WAS OUR DUTY TO COME TO MIRRODIN, NO MATTER THE CIRCUMSTANCES.
BECAUSE THEY WON'T JUST DESTROY. THEY'LL CORRUPT, BODY AND SOUL. NO WORLD DESERVES THAT.
THIS WORLD IS A TREASURE, YES—A MORE EXQUISITE CREATION THAN YOU CAN EVEN KNOW. BUT YOU CAN'T JUST ATTACK ME, FORCE ME HERE, AND EXPECT ME TO TRUST YOU. YOU CAN'T JUST—
SO WHEN DO WE KILL THEM?
I KNEW YOU WERE THE RIGHT ONE TO SEEK, ELSPETH. BOTH OF YOU, COME WITH ME.


MIRRODIN ACTUALLY LOOKS PEACEFUL. FROM YOUR INSISTENCE, I EXPECTED TO PLANESWALK INTO A FULL SCALE WAR.
THERE IS CONFLICT HERE. THE ELVES FIGHT THE VEDALKEN, THE GOBLINS FIGHT THE LOXODON, AND THE LEONIN FIGHT EACH OTHER.
BUT OUR TRUE ENEMY, THE REASON I BROUGHT YOU HERE, LURKS IN DARK PLACES. MOST MIRRANS HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LIVE THEIR LIVES IN MERCIFUL IGNORANCE—SO FAR AT LEAST.
BUT I WANT YOU TO MEET ONE WHO HAS SEEN WHAT I'VE SEEN. A FRIEND OF MINE WHO LIVES ON THE OUTSKIRTS. VENSER, YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE?
BRIEFLY. I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE SINCE . . . *KARN* BROUGHT ME.
WHO IS KARN?
I'M NOT SURPRISED YOU DON'T KNOW. HE TOLD ME IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE HE WAS HERE. KARN, YOU SEE, WAS THIS WORLD'S—
OH, NO.

MALACH, ARE YOU HERE?

WHAT . . . HAPPENED HERE?

THE MEPHIDROSS. IT'S SPREADING.

I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD HAVE REACHED THIS FAR ALREADY. *MALACH!*

WE'LL HELP YOU LOOK FOR HIM.

KOTH, I'M SORRY, BUT I THINK I'VE FOUND YOUR FRIEND.

KSSSHH!

BLLLOAAARRR...
HARRAAGHH...
ARE THEY—?
THEY'RE NIM! UNDEAD WRETCHES!
SKEEETK!
PUM
SHNAKT!
GHARRR!
SNAP!

COME WITH ME.

TPFF!

TPFF!

TPFF!

NO—!
THWAK!

ROOARRHH!
ELSPETH!

KRUNCH
THANK YOU, KOTH.
WHHUMP
WHHUMP
THE NIM— SOULLESS CREATURES OF THE DROSS. THEY'VE NEVER VENTURED OUT THIS FAR. IT'S WORSE THAN I THOUGHT. AND THEY MAY HAVE TAKEN MALACH.
I'M . . . COVERED IN . . . ICHOR.
NOW YOU SEE. WE HAVE TO SEEK OUT THE SOURCE AND DESTROY IT. EVERY LAST SHRED OF IT.
I'M WITH YOU. IF PHYREXIA TAINTS THIS WORLD, WE'LL CLEANSE IT. ELSPETH?
ELSPETH?
I . . . I WISH YOU TWO WELL.
I'M NOT GOING.

SCARRED

part 2

WRITTEN BY DOUG BEYER ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DAVIDSON
LETTERING BY BOB JORDAN
ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS
BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH, VOLKAN BAGA, ALEKSI BRICLOT, AND JASON CHAN

KOTH AND VENSER SEEK OUT THE SOURCE OF THE SPREADING EVIL IN THE MEPHIDROSS.

THERE'S NO GOOD, SOLID ORE HERE. I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MATERIAL TO MAKE US A SKIFF.

KOTH, I COULD ALWAYS TELEPORT US.

THERE IS NO WAY I'M GIVING YOU CONTROL OVER MY BODY.

SUIT YOURSELF. BUT THE MORE TIME WE WASTE ON FOOT, THE MORE TIME WE ALLOW PHYREXIA TO SPREAD. AND I'M NOT LIKING THE WAY THIS PLACE IS BURNING MY LUNGS.

LOOK, I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AT THAT NEXT CHIMNEY.

STAY. THE NIM ARE EVERYWHERE, AND WITHOUT ELSPETH, WE'LL NEED EACH OTHER TO FIGHT THEM.

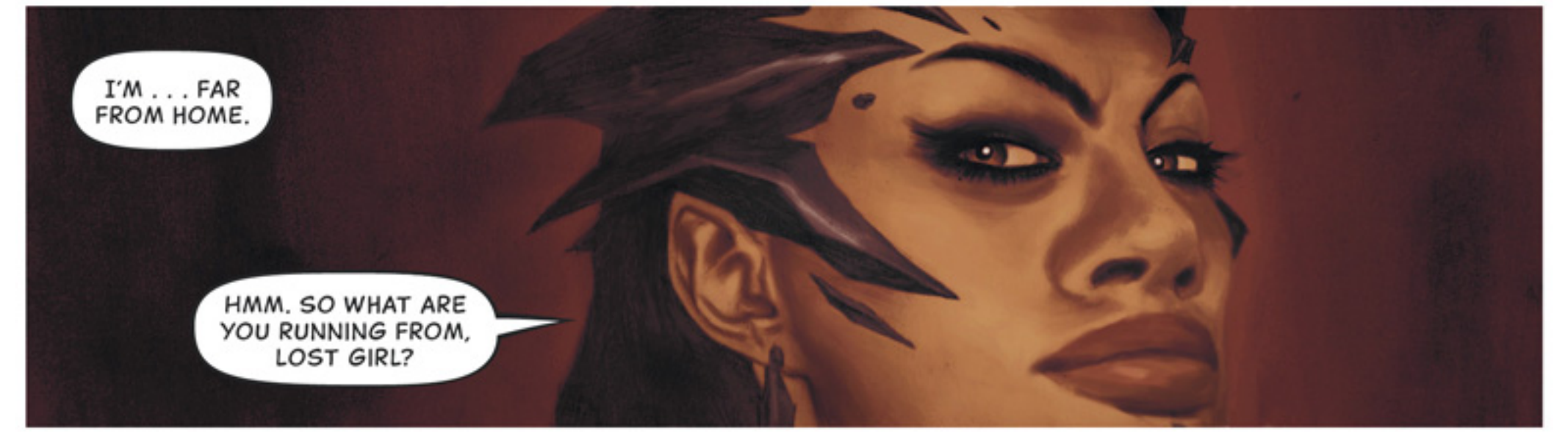
VERY WELL.

ELSPETH PROBABLY JUST DIDN'T WANT TO *WALK* THIS FAR.

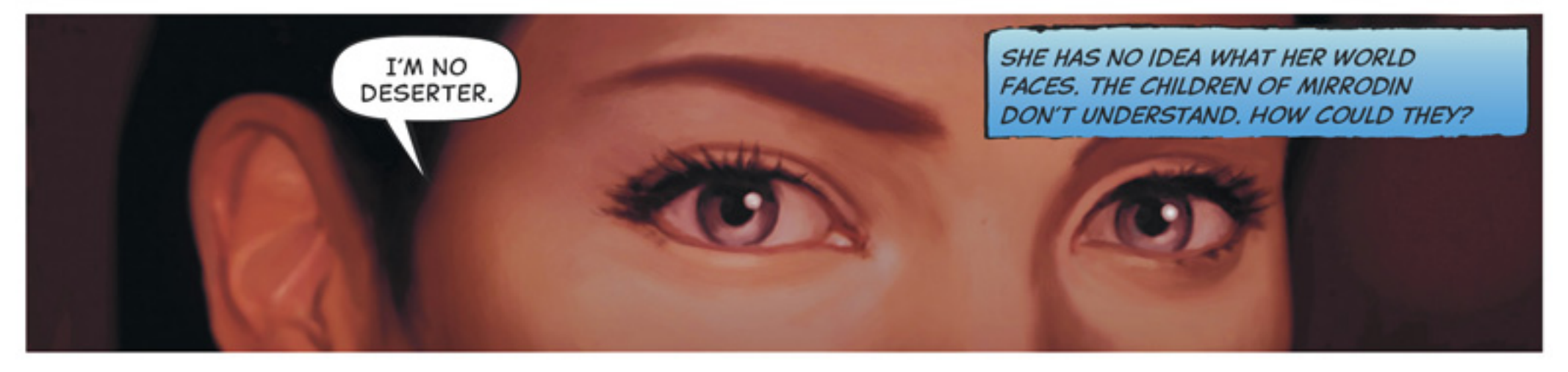
WHAT, YOUR LEG IS BROKEN?

MEANWHILE, IN A VULSHOK SETTLEMENT . . .
THANK YOU FOR YOUR . . .

. . . UH, HOSPITALITY.
DRINK THAT WHILE IT'S STILL BOILING. YOU'RE MUCH TOO PALE. YOU SAID YOU WERE AURIOK?


I'M . . . FAR FROM HOME.
HMM. SO WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING FROM, LOST GIRL?

HOW DID YOU KNOW I'M— WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'M RUNNING FROM SOMETHING?
YOU GOT THE LOOK ON YOU. WE VULSHOK CALL IT THE "DESERTER'S EYE."


I'M NO DESERTER.
SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT HER WORLD FACES. THE CHILDREN OF MIRRODIN DON'T UNDERSTAND. HOW COULD THEY?

THE LAST TIME I FACED PHYREXIA, I WAS A CHILD. THEY HARVESTED MY PEOPLE'S INNOCENCE. FLESH TORN AWAY. SOULS CORRUPTED. FAMILIES DESTROYED.

WHAT CAN I DO TO STOP IT ALL FROM HAPPENING AGAIN? THIS WORLD IS JUST AS INNOCENT AS I WAS. EVERY FACE I LEARN HERE IS JUST ANOTHER VICTIM TO BE MOURNED.
THIS WORLD WILL BE HARVESTED. SOME MIGHT BE KEPT ALIVE FOR A TIME, ALLOWED TO HEAL, BUT ONLY SO THAT STRIPS OF THEIR FLESH AND SINEW CAN BE USED FOR FUEL OR MUSCULATURE. THOSE MIRRANS WHO FIGHT BACK WILL COME TO RECOGNIZE THEIR OWN BODY PARTS STRETCHED AND FUSED INTO THE SKELETONS OF THEIR CAPTORS . . .

THIS WAS A MISTAKE. I SHOULDN'T HAVE COME.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE *FLED*, YOU MEAN. YOU BRING DESPAIR WITH YOU, LOST GIRL. I SEE IT ON YOU. IT CLINGS TO YOU LIKE A DISEASE.

AND I'LL *DIE* BEFORE I LET IT INFECT MY HOME.

YOU HAVE IT BACKWARDS. I AM NOT THE EVIL THAT PLAGUES YOUR WORLD. I CAME HERE TO *FIGHT* IT.
AND YET YOU'RE HERE, CURSING MY HOME WITH YOUR DESERTER'S EYE. WHAT'S YOUR PLAN, LOST GIRL? WILL YOU FACE MY SPEAR, OR WILL YOU FLEE YET ANOTHER BATTLE?
I WOULD NEVER BRING HARM TO YOU OR YOUR PEOPLE.
BUT YOU ALREADY HAVE. I SHOULD CUT YOU OPEN RIGHT HERE.
I WISH THAT WOULD CURE YOUR WORLD'S ILLS. I WISH MY BLOOD COULD SOLVE IT ALL.
BUT THE LAST THING IN THIS WORLD YOU NEED TO WORRY ABOUT IS ME.

HMPH! A HEART OF HONOR BEATS IN YOUR CHEST, LOST GIRL, YET YOU LET THE PAST DEADEN IT.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE CALL THOSE WHO LET THE ENEMY WIN? *THE ENEMY.*
BUT . . . IF YOU KNEW WHAT'S OUT THERE . . .

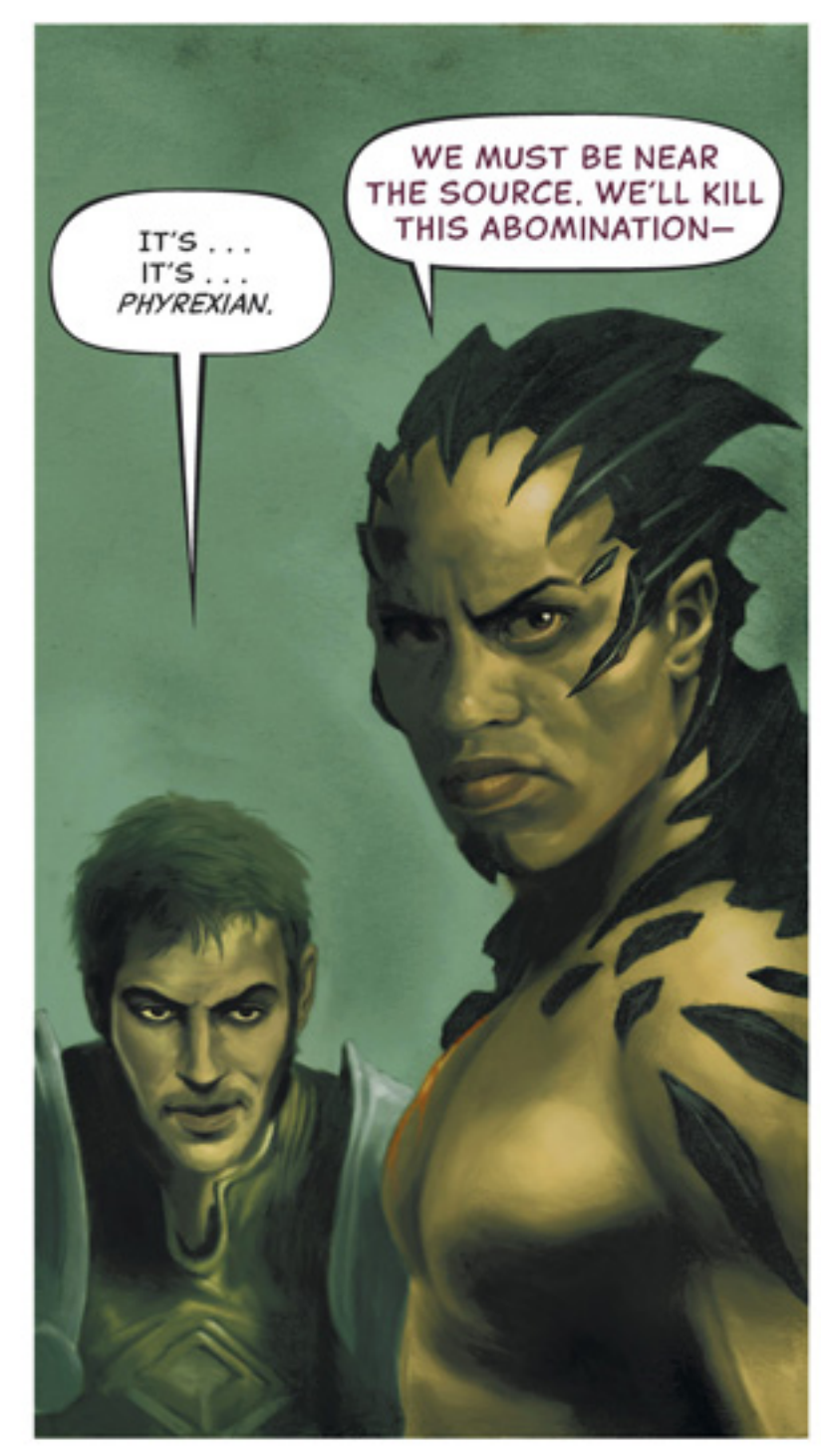
I ONLY KNOW YOU'VE ABANDONED A CAUSE. YOU TALK OF SOME EVIL FORCE THAT OUR WORLD FACES, AND YOU'RE NOT OUT THERE, FIGHTING IT.
YOU'RE HERE IN MY HOME, TALKING OF DANGER, TALKING OF DEATH. *TALKING.*

IS THAT WHAT YOU'VE COME HERE TO DO?
TALK?

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE MEPHIDROSS . . .
THIS BELONGED TO MALACH, MY CLANMATE.
NOT A GOOD SIGN.
IT COULD BE AN ENCOURAGING SIGN THAT HE MADE IT THIS FAR ALIVE.

IF HE ABANDONED HIS WEAPON, HE'S CAPTURED OR DEAD.
BUT HE ABANDONED IT *HERE*, WHICH MEANS HE TRAVELED THIS WAY. HE COULD BE SIGNALING YOU.

OR IT COULD BE BAIT.
HR UGH!


IT'S . . . IT'S . . . *PHYREXIAN.*
WE MUST BE NEAR THE SOURCE. WE'LL KILL THIS ABOMINATION—

—AND THEN FOLLOW ITS TRAIL BACK TO THEIR *NEST.*
READY?
READY.

HUMPF!

PLANESWALKERS

SCARRED

part 3

WRITTEN BY DOUG BEYER ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE PRESCOTT
LETTERING BY BOB JORDAN
ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS
BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH, VOLKAN BAGA, ALEKSI BRICLOT, AND JASON CHAN

VENSER, VENSER!
THUUMP
CLICK
GZ-THM
CLUNK
GZZ-THUM
CLICK
GZZTH-
FSSSHWMP

NO!
SCREEEEKEEEKEEE

I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE.
YES . . . DO IT!
NNRGH!
RUMMBL
RUMMBL
RUMMBL

KROSHHHH!
ELSPETH! THANK THE SUNS.
I BELIEVE I'VE FOUND THEIR SOURCE IN A STRUCTURE NEARBY. LET'S GO.

ISH SAH, THE VAULT OF WHISPERS.
VENSER, WE COULD USE SOME EYES AND EARS IN THERE.
UNDERSTOOD.
BE CAREFUL.
TPFF!
NOW THIS NIGHTMARE CAN FINALLY END.
THIS IS FOR MY PEOPLE. THIS IS FOR THE HOME I LOST.
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN.